

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

FROM WOMAN'S
POINT OF VIEW

Despite the optimistic view generally taken of the world, the police records in many States bear testimony to the increase in drunkenness and robbery, while as for honesty it is getting so scarce that it needs to be hunted up. Drinking among business men has decreased, because it was found that brains needed to be kept polished to meet keen competition, but among salaried men there is a serious amount of it, and the drinking habit is responsible for much idleness.

When the head of a huge steel industry finds it necessary to insist upon sobriety among his employees, smaller enterprises can hardly afford to be less cautious. I know a score of places where the first sign of intemperance is the signal for departure. Nobody can afford to hire inefficient workers, nobody can afford to overlook the value of reliability, so only those who are most promising secure the prize in life, and you can never persuade an undesirable that he is responsible for his failure in life.

Habits are tough things to break, and he who starts out with the fewest finds a comparatively easy road. He will not have to adopt the methods of a mover, of whom I heard recently, who made his trips between midnight and dawn to avoid the temptation of open bar-rooms. That man, I understand, began life well enough and, being ambitious and painstaking, he acquired a home and family, the former on the installment plan. In five years he paid more than three-quarters of the indebtedness, contracted the drinking habit, and lost all that he had paid for it. Years have elapsed since then, years heavily streaked with lean for his family, although the man has worked hard. Now he is trying to shake off his one bad habit, and he finds that he has not the strength of former years.

An expressman in need of a temporary helper came upon a group of idle men on a street corner, and accosted the strongest looking member. The fellow was seedy looking and redolent of beer, but he was willing to work and more than willing to be confidential. He owed his poverty to drink, for he was a skilled workman with a good education and had been drawing a liberal salary till he ceased to be reliable. He is perfectly indifferent to the future which surely awaits men of his stamp, for employers want to know something of the men they hire, and only those who would furnish an opening for anybody who is known to be irresponsible. To tide over a temporary difficulty one accepts any kind of assistance, but for permanent something more than hope is demanded. BETTY BRADEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.



3080
GIRLS' AND CHILD'S ONE-PIECE
DRESS.
Paris Pattern No. 3080
All Seams Allowed.

This smart little dress is remarkably attractive and becoming. Deep plait stitched down to the waistline are arranged over the shoulders, the released fullness adding to the width of the lower edge. It would develop stylishly in white pique or any of the heavier washable fabrics, as well as challis and serge. The pattern is in 5 sizes—3 to 11 years. For a child of 7 years the dress will require 3½ yards of material 24 inches wide, 3½ yards 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 inches wide or 2½ yards 42 inches wide.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.

Name.....

Address.....

Size desired.....

Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and inclose with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

Adaptation of Tunic.

A pretty adaptation of the tunic or overskirt is the square that is cut across the front above the knees, with deep points at the sides and back. This line will be much more generally becoming than the straight line around the hips, and, again, it forms an excuse for decoration.

Sometimes a simple band of trimming is used solely as an edging, but for evening or formal wear the points are often most ornate in effect, handsome medallions, fringes, jet incrustations, and jeweled passementerie being among the ornaments so employed.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.



Ruth Cameron.

In magazines and in women's columns—oh, yes, I've written more or less myself—about how a wife can keep a husband's love, you almost never read anything about what a husband must do to keep his wife in love with him?

Well, that's why. He doesn't have to be taught how to keep it, because as long as he doesn't beat her with the poker or run away and leave her to starve—and quite frequently even when he does these things—no woman is going to stop loving her husband since that love is "her whole existence."

I don't doubt Shakespeare was right when he said:

"Men have died and worms have eaten them,
But not for love."

But I would have been ready to quarrel even with that very great authority if he had said the same thing of women.

What's the remedy? Don't let it be your whole existence.

That is not said in disparagement of love. It isn't that I want you to love Caesar less but Rome more.

Of course, love is the most beautiful and the most wonderful and the most sacred part, but it doesn't need to be the whole for you any more than for him.

It seems to me that the happiest marriages are those in which the wife has some interest that means as much to her as her husband's business does to him.

Perhaps the bringing up of your children and the care of your home absorb you completely.

And then again perhaps you have no children, or they have grown up and you are so situated that the care of your house alone does not absorb all your time.

Then seek out some definite, absorbing, continual interest that shall keep you from depending entirely on your husband's love for happiness.

Let your interest be charitable or church work or some study or the devotion to some art. Just let it be something that you do with such joy and pride that it is an absorbing interest.

Love and work are the two crowns of life. I don't want women to miss either of them.

RUTH CAMERON.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG
AT KILDARE

By
MEREDITH
NICHOLSON.

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Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"Speech! Speech!" cried the corps of correspondents. Then Ardmore seized Gov. Osborne's hand and led him forward to the balcony; but before the governor of South Carolina could speak the group of newspaper men began chanting, in the manner of a college antiphonal:

What did he say to you?
What did he say to you?
What did he say to you?

What did the governor of North Carolina say
To the governor of South Carolina?

"Gentlemen," began Gov. Osborne, speaking with great deliberation, "I am profoundly touched by the cordiality of your greeting. (Applause.) Amid the perplexities of my official life I am deeply sensible always of the consideration and generosity of our free and untrammeled American press. (Cheers.) Without your support and approval, my least aims, my sincerest endeavors in behalf of the people, must fall short and fail of their purpose. (A voice: "You're dead right about that.") I am proud of this opportunity to greet this assembly of representatives of the noble profession of which Greeley, Raymond, and Dana were the high ornaments. (Cheers.) I look into your upturned faces as into the faces of fields in peace and defended them in the dark days of war. I thank you, my friends, with all my heart, again and again." (Applause and cheers.)

What did he say to you?
What did he say to you?
What did he say to you?

What did the governor of North Carolina say
To the governor of South Carolina?

"On occasion so purely social as this," began Gov. Danglefield, balancing himself lightly upon the balcony, "it would be most indicative for me to discuss any of the great issues of the day. (A voice: "Oh, don't know!") I endorse, with all the strength of my being, and with all the sincerity of which my heart is capable, the stirring tribute paid to your noble profession by my friend, known far and near, and justly known, as the greatest reform governor of South Carolina. (Cheers.) I am proud that the American press is incorruptible. (Cheers.) Great commercial nation though we be, the American newspaper is the American newspaper. I say is one thing that is never for sale. (Applause and cheers.) The temptation is strong upon me to take advantage of this gathering of representative journalists to speak—not of the fathers of the Constitution, not of Jefferson or Jackson, but of living men and living issues (cheers and cries of "Let 'er go!") but the hour is late. (A voice: "Oh, not on Broadway, William!") and, to repeat, it would be the height of impropriety—a betrayal of the boundless hospitality we have all enjoyed. (A voice: "Our lobster was all right." Another voice: "Oh, not on Broadway, William!") and, to repeat, it would be the height of impropriety—a betrayal, I say, of hospitality for me to do more, gentlemen, than to thank you, and to say that in your strong hands the liberties of the people are safe indeed." (Prolonged cheering.)

As the correspondents marched away to take the special train provided for them at Kildare by Ardmore, they continued to cheer, and they were still demanding, as long as their cries could be heard at Ardley:

What did he say to him?
What did he say to him?
What did he say to him?

What did the governor of North Carolina say
To the governor of South Carolina?

"With a sigh Ardmore left them at the great gates of Ardley and returned to the house to find Jerry; but that young woman was the center of a wide circle of admiring militia officers, and the master of the house, as he was called, was the spectacle that he sought a dim corner of the grounds where there was a stone bench by a fountain, and there, to his confusion, he beheld Miss Barbara Osborne and Henry Maine Griswold; and Miss Osborne, it seemed, was in the act of fastening a white rose in Prof. Griswold's coat.

CHAPTER XXI.

Good-by to Jerry Danglefield. The next morning Ardmore knocked at Griswold's door as early as he dared, and went in and talked to his friend in their old intimate fashion. The associate professor of admiralty was shaving himself with care.

"You won't have any hard feelings about that scarlet fever business, will you, Griss?" It was downright selfish of me to want to keep the thing to myself, but I thought it would be fun to go ahead and carry it through and then show you how well I pulled it off."

"Don't ever refer to it again, if you love me," spluttered Griswold amiably, as he washed off the lather. "I, too, have ruled over a kingdom, and I have seen history in the making, quorum pars magna fui."

"But I say, Griss, there is such a thing as fate and destiny, and all that after all; don't you believe it?"

"Don't I believe it! I know it!" thundered Griswold, reaching for a towel. He lifted a white rose from a glass of water where it had spent the night and regarded it tenderly. "The right rose under the right star, and the thing's done; the rose, the star, and the girl—the combination simply can't be beat, Ardy."

Ardmore seized and wrung his friend's hand for the twentieth time; but he was preoccupied, and Griswold, fastening his collar at the mirror, hummed softly the couplet:

With the winning eye
For my battery.

"Griss!" shouted Ardmore, "she never did it!"

"Oh—bless my soul, what was I saying! Why, of course she wasn't the one! Not Miss Danglefield—never!"

"Well, you like her, don't you?" demanded Ardmore petulantly.

"Of course I like her, you idiot! She's wonderful. She's a gem."

He frowned upon the scarf he had chosen with much care, snapped it to shake the wrinkles out, humming softly, while Ardmore glared at him.

"She's wise," Griswold murmured, "with the wisdom of laughter—accept that, with my compliments. It's not often I do so well before breakfast. And now if you're to be congratulated before I go back to the groves of Academe, pray bestir yourself. At this very moment I have an engagement to walk with a lady before breakfast—thanks; yes, that's my coat. Good-by."

Breakfast was a lingering affair at Ardley that morning. The two governors and the national guard officers, who had spent the night in the house, were not in the slightest hurry to break up the party, for such a company, they all knew, could hardly be assembled again. The governors were a trifling nervous as to the attitude of the press, in spite of Collins' efforts to dictate what history should say of the affair on the Raccoon; but before they left the table the Raleigh morning papers were brought in, and it was clear that the newspaper men were keeping their contract.

"I commend," said Danglefield, "said Gov. Osborne. 'I only hope that the Columbia and Charleston papers have done half as well by me.'"

Both governors had decided upon an inspection of such portions of the militia as were assembled on the Raccoon, and a joint dress parade was appointed for 6 o'clock.

Ardmore, anxious to make every one at home, saw the morning pass without a chance to speak to Jerry; and when he was free shortly before noon he was chagrined to find that she had gone for a ride over the estate with her father, Gov. Osborne, Barbara, and Griswold. He went in pursuit, and to his delight found her presently sitting alone on a log by the Raccoon, looking dismounted, it appeared, to rescue a fledgling robin whose cries had led her away from her companions. She pointed out the nest and directed him to climb the tree and restore the bird. This done, he sat down beside her at a point where the Raccoon curved sweepingly and swung off abruptly into a new course.

"I hope your father didn't scold you for anything we did," he began meekly.

"No; he took it all pretty well, and promised that if I wouldn't tell mama what he had been doing—about coming

\$5.00 to \$10.00
FUR CLOTHS,
\$2.75 yd.
(2 to 5 yd. lengths.)

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39c
KHAKI CLOTH
19c yd.
(Good lengths.)

BEGINNING AT 8 O'CLOCK TO-DAY

GREATEST UNDERPRICED SALE
WOMEN'S WINTER COATS

CHOICE,

\$13.95

Values, \$20 to \$40

1,000 coats, being odd lots and four sample lines
from several manufacturers.

A low-price long-coat selling event that will never be forgotten by those who attend this sale. The manufacturers could not stand the long-continued strain upon their resources which had been occasioned by the long-delayed cold weather. The sale embraces the latest and newest approved models—the styles of the hour. Not a coat in the collection we could buy regularly at the price we quote you for this sale. The materials are:

FANCY MIXTURES,
BROADCLOTHS,

SCOTCH MIXTURES,
DIAGONALS,

ROUGH-FINISHED CHEVIOTS,
FANCY TWEEDS,
COVERTS.

We have also a few plaid-black novelties. The coats are mostly in 52 and 54 inch long models. The materials are all winter weights. They are lined throughout with Skinner's Satin and Satin Duchesse.

A few are in the pleated-bottom models, with lining to the waist only. Just a few short, semi-fitted models are in the collection. We can fit all. The size range is indicated by the following schedule:

Coats in small sizes for small women. Coats in large sizes for stout women. Full line of regular sizes, 34, 36 & 38.

down here with Gov. Osborne just to settle an old score at poker—mama doesn't approve of cards, you know—that he would make me a present of a better riding horse than the one I now have, and he might even consider a trip abroad next summer."

"Oh, you mustn't go abroad! It's so lonesome abroad!"

"How perfectly ridiculous! Has it never occurred to you that I am never lonesome, not even when I'm alone?"

"Well," said Ardmore, who saw that he was headed for a blind alley, "I'm glad your father was not displeased with our work."

"He'll think we did pretty well after he's read our correspondence in his letter books. I told him the stamp we stamped his name with worked better with the red ink pad than with the black one, which ought, at any rate, to be clear enough to a man of papa's intelligence."

"Did you tell him about that railroad lawyer from New York who wanted to suppress the law which compels all locomotive whistles to be tuned to E flat?"

"No; that man sent me a ten-pound box of candy, which was highly improper, considering papa's position, and I should have scorned to accept the candy, only I had forgotten to keep his card."

"And besides," added Ardmore gently, "you had eaten the candy. Don't you remember that you left nothing but a few burnt almonds which you wanted to keep for eating philopotas?"

"Don't be silly!" ejaculated Jerry contemptuously.

"It's a good thing all this fuss about the Appleweight people is over or I should be worse than silly. My mind was not intended for such heavy work."

"I think you have a good mind, Mr. Ardmore," said Jerry, with the air of one who makes concessions. "You really did well in all these troubles, and you did much better than I thought you would the day I hired you for private secretary. I think I could safely recommend you to any governor in need of assistance."

"You talk as though you were getting ready to discharge me," said Ardmore plaintively, "and I don't want to lose my job."

"You ought to have something to do," said Jerry thoughtfully. "As near as I can make out you have never done anything but study about pirates and collect pernicious books on the sinful life of Capt. Kidd. You should have some larger aim in life than that, and I think I know of a good position that is now open, or will be as soon as papa has cleared out the peanut shells we left in his desk. I think you would make an excellent adjutant general, with full charge of the State militia. I have already had experience in the handling of troops, and as Rutherford Gillingwater never did anything but get typhoid fever to earn the place, I see no reason why papa should not appoint you to the position."

"But you have to get rid of Gillingwater first," suggested Ardmore, his heart beating fast.

"If you mean that he has to be removed from office, I will tell you now—

Mr. Ardmore, that Rutherford Gillingwater will no longer sign himself adjutant general of North Carolina. I removed him myself in a general order I wrote yesterday afternoon just before I told papa that you and I could not act as governor any longer, but that he must resume the yoke."

"But that must have been a matter of considerable delicacy, Miss Danglefield, when you consider that you are engaged to marry Mr. Gillingwater."

"Not in the least," said Jerry. "I broke our engagement the moment I saw that he was here the other night, and dressed up to eat and not to fight, and he is now free to engage himself to that thin blond at Goldsboro whom he thinks so highly intellectual."

Jerry held up her left hand and regarded its ringless fingers judiciously, while Ardmore, his heart racing hotly against all records, watched her, and with a particular covetousness his eyes studied that trifle of a hand.

Then with a quick gesture he seized her hand and raised her gently to her feet.

"Jerry!" he cried. "From the moment you winked at me I have loved you. I should have followed you round the world until I found you. If you can marry a worthless wretch like me, if—oh, Jerry!"

She gently freed her hand and stepped to one side, bending her head like a bird that pauses alarmed, or uncertain of its whereabouts, glancing cautiously up and down the creek.

"Mr. Ardmore," she said, "you may not be aware that when you asked me to be your wife—and that, I take it, was your intention—you were standing in South Carolina, while I stood with both feet on the sacred soil of the Old North State. Under the circumstances I do not think your proposal is legal. Moreover, unless you are quite positive which eye it was that so far forgot itself as to wink at me, I do not think the matter can go farther."

The slightest suggestion of a smile played about her lips, but he was very deeply troubled, and, seeing this, her eyes grew grave with kindness.

"Mr. Ardmore, if your muscles of locomotion have not been utterly paralyzed, and if you will leave that particular State of the Union which, next to Massachusetts, I most deeply abhor, I will do what I can in my poor, weak way—as father says in beginning his best speeches—to assist you to the answer."

Then for many reasons, when he had his arms about her, a kiss, which he had intended for the lips that were so near, somehow failed of its destination, and fell upon what seemed to him a rose leaf gone to heaven, but which was, in fact, Jerry Danglefield's left eye. His being tangled with the most delicious of intoxications, to which the clasp of her arms about his neck added unnecessary though not unwelcome delight. Then she drew back and held him away with her finger-tips for an instant.

"Mr. Thomas Ardmore," she said, with maddening deliberation, "it may not be important, but I must tell you in all candor that it was the other eye."

THIS END.

MR. WOLF CELEBRATES.

Congratulated on His Seventy-third
Birthday Anniversary.

Surrounded by his family and immediate friends, Simon Wolf last evening quietly observed his seventy-third birthday anniversary.

Mr. Wolf, who is a hale veteran, still busy with the affairs of life, spent yesterday at his office, as usual. Congratulations came to him throughout the day and evening, by letter, telegram, and telephone, while friends called to extend good wishes in person.

A letter received early in the day from John A. Joyce brought with it a congratulatory poem, in which Mr. Joyce characterized Mr. Wolf as "A Hebrew kid at seventy-three," a phrase which made a great hit with the recipient.

During his residence in Washington, Mr. Wolf has always been active in civic affairs, and served as Recorder of the District from 1889 to 1893. In 1881

and 1882 he was Minister to Egypt. Always a philanthropic worker, he has been indefatigable in behalf of the oppressed Jewish immigrant from Russia.

WOULD PREVENT FIRES.

Chimney Sweeps Stand Ready to Do
Yeoman Service.

That the danger from fires would be greatly reduced if citizens would exercise care in keeping their chimneys clean, is the assertion of James M. Wood, superintendent of the street cleaning department.

Mr. Wood says defective flues are the cause of more than half the fires in the District, but that if chimneys are kept clean defects in flues would make little difference. He added that by notifying the street cleaning department, occupants of houses could obtain the services of registered chimney sweeps, whose honesty has been vouched for by reputable business men.

McKnew's
"Strictly Reliable Qualities."

FRIDAY BARGAINS

In Small Wearables.

We offer some exceptional values in Ladies' Small Wearables for the Friday Bargain Sale—and you know the quality is right, for it comes from McKnew's.

Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Linen Torchon Laces, ¾ to 2½ inches wide, yard.....	5c
Ladies' \$1.50 Gray Suede Gloves; small lot.....	79c
Exceptional value in Ladies' Neckwear; latest novelties.....	25c
Ladies' 75c Black Lisle and Silk Lisle Hose; size 8 only.....	25c
35c Linen Drawnwork Doilies; to-day only.....	19c
Ladies' Light and Heavy Weight Union Suits; special.....	50c
Very special values in Sweater Coats.....	\$3.50 to \$6.25
Black and Colored Leather Bags; special at.....	\$1.00

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